

study to contribute to the felicity of his people; it was too much to last. Aboul Mused, the delight of all hearts, the faithful slave to his sovereign, the deliverer of the oppressed, the refuge of the comfortless, the father of the poor, the prince of the Imans; Aboul Mused, so long beloved, so much to be lamented, yielded his soul to the fatal arrow of the angel of Death. The sincere sorrow, the dreadful lamentations, the never to be forgotten outcries of the faithful on that memorable day, are still the subject of conversation in Bagdaht: to be as sorrowful as the faithful were at the death of Aboul Mused, is become a proverb. Thus virtue meets with some portion of its reward, by the respect it claims from the good even on earth.

To attempt to describe the sorrow of the Calif on the death of his favourite, would be as vain as to think of counting the sands of the sea, or giving a cause for the yearly overflowing of the headless Nile: suffice it to say, that it could not be exceeded. It was impossible the Calif should ever forget the words he spoke when he lay dying in the arms of his beloved son Selim Abdallah. "O commander of the faithful! think it not beneath thee to attend to the words of thy dying slave; not to be sensible that I have deserved well of thee, would be doing injustice to my conscience: my heart accuses me not of ever having willingly  
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offended thee; I have constantly prayed the great prophet, that he would intercede for thee with God, that thou shouldst be surrounded by accumulated heaps of virtuous honours; that thy prayers have been heard, and thou shouldst be blest thy faithful slaves of the city of Bagdaht; they have often tasted of thy clemency; they know the blessings that flow from the power of a good sovereign to bestow peace and to shadow them with the wings of goodness; look upon them as children, and adopt thee by the Almighty for adoption; be favourable to the voice of the oppressed; be sure that the Cadis do justice even to the meanest; be not corrupted to approach thee without judgment; be mercifully severe to the wicked; be deaf to the voice of reason, and do not punish the slave whom milder methods will reform; for a slave executed, may be a friend lost: in fine, virtuous Haroun, thou art the good genius that constantly protects thee, and thou wilt not fail to do right.

With these words Aboul Mused, smiled most a smile on his countenance, and his soul took its flight into paradise. He was so sorrowful, his son Selim was not long before Aboul Mused quitted the world. He spoke to Selim as follows: "I perceive, son, the time of my dissolution approaches: it is the will of the Almighty that I go to my fathers, who are in Paradise."